

# بۆئین

Boin (BUR), Boyomo (Plural)

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ژو یه ژو تکه اقو، آس مَكُچَن تال نُكْذهر ژو  
اسے بَتَن گُیا گن، ژک اکمن ذال نُكْذهر ژو

When will you come, my love? Take stride towards me. Nay, do not step on the floor, for  
Isn't my heart your true path? Come towards me, right through my heart's core. Flush  
away that hesitant thought, With the grandiose swag, take your stride.

اُن نُهیر توو، جه اکهو، می بو کلپه گن مِمیانا  
یه ژو ییشقیراً م دسین، یسین نیمرے بن مِمیانا

You've been cast into that distant valley of Beşqeer, Crying out the pain of love, a  
sorrow so clear. I am no better, in a place just as dire. How long shall we remain on that  
distant path, never ending, never nearer to destiny?  
Come on, my love, let us break free, To Yásin we'll go, united we'll be. Once and for all.

پهت ایت واعظے پهلوق، نرے اخون، دشمن کا ہیام با  
گو دمن جابا، بٹن، بون کا، شمن کا نرے یا با

Pay no heed to the concoctions they weave, The Waiz, the Akhund, and the Mulla deceive. Pseudointellectuals with tales to impart, But listen closely—it's me who owns your heart.

Let me lay it out, clear and true, You have no master other than who? You've heard of Boin, Bitan, and Shamin's sacrosanct stature, But feel as if they do not exist—wake up, it's all me.

گیا بٹنے ترے ذم، نے ترے ذل کا نے ترے شتا غان  
نے قراتوز دشمنے پھن کا پھلق یخ، نے ختا غان

Yours is the Shamin—behold and admire his fiery devotion, The stamping, the jolts, whirling in potent motion. A display of power, tangible and true, Every act, every move, a practical hue.

In stark contrast stands the cunning mulla's empty parade, Nothing practical, just a charade. Watch his mouth, spewing lies and rumors.

مٹک بو دوپ دوپ ایچن ، جہ کا اُن مییک ایسقو لمان  
یڈین پیٹیک جا امشی ، گو گمشئی ڈن دلم لمان

In vain, we attempt to cover up now, For we have burned our names in their eyes.  
They've seen the end of your shawl in my hand, And my shirt gripped tightly in your grasp. Behold the grand spectacle of our dignity, they'll create, in the name of honour.

اُن ٻو جرغست ايتا دا، ذر منش، جا گر منش نوخا  
دوس جا اس کا ڈهو دا، بو سيم پندر منش نوخا  
اولجنا الچمو، ڏهيل غش گوشتي گنڊر منش نوخا

Ah, the sweet commotion and scumblng, Desiring marriage's gillieri world, What shall I utter, what do I bear? Just take my heart altogether, a wedding gift unfurled.  
Like seed-beads, I've strung my eyes in your love, Let it be a garland for your yearning occasion

گوسملين، گوس کا ينين ڙان برن مرق مرق گوئين  
جه داله جدو مليڪه، اُن کهڻا تر پهو غه چق گوئين

Pity! They have threatened you, and changed your heart, Reshaped your words, tore you apart. The did it! We are prepared for the lynching place, Me for the abyss of the dungeon, you for the embrace of the blazing fire.

تهپي پوڻلو نوموت، ڏهيل غش، اباسينر غري موت  
جميله سيس ڏهيميا، سوره ياسينر هيري اوت

What a pity, oh people, in the dark of the night, You wrapped up my love and sent her  
adrift, out of sight. In the daylight you gather neighbors near, To revere the holy verses --  
your innocence clear!

But beneath the surface, the truth lays bare, A soul departed, feigned reverence in the air.  
Pretending all's natural, a normal passing to mourn, Yet my heart aches deeply, silently  
torn.

غیاً رُم یورَتِ کِمان ، ڈھیلتِ کمان ، بو دِشِمان کُھو  
می مِنیاسِ موسِثہ دِوس ، ڈنّ نِیمتِے بالُکشی بانو  
بووتا پُلتیا ان ڈے نیڈ ، دا دِمدین بُکی شِما کُھو

Observe, they are fleeing, dragging their grave-digging tools, As if expecting us to  
follow, like mere fools. Why are they petrified, what do they fear? In the evening, they  
will feast on sacrificial fare, offered to Boin, Performing the Charagh Roshan with  
solemn air. They believe our souls return to their Vigil Candle's glow, But nay, we refuse  
to bow to this shadowed show.

پہت منم اس تلینئ بر ختکئ میتن گڈھیچئ  
گو ڈھے چی بیروم دُویا، دیشی گلین ، پھیتن اڈھے چی

With your passing, my heart has become a desolate place, A sanctuary for wandering  
ghosts to embrace. After you, many have ventured within, Swiftly fleeing, haunted by  
the emptiness within.

I would toss ashes after their retreat, A forbidden act, a bad omen indeed.



Yet here I stand, bound by the void you left behind, displaying indifference, the highest I can find.

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